

The
Pilgrimage to Keblaar:

A PARAPHRASE

FROM

HEINE,

By E. J. C.

TORONTO:
PRINTED BY LOVELL BROTHERS, 39 AND 41 MELINDA STREET.
1877.



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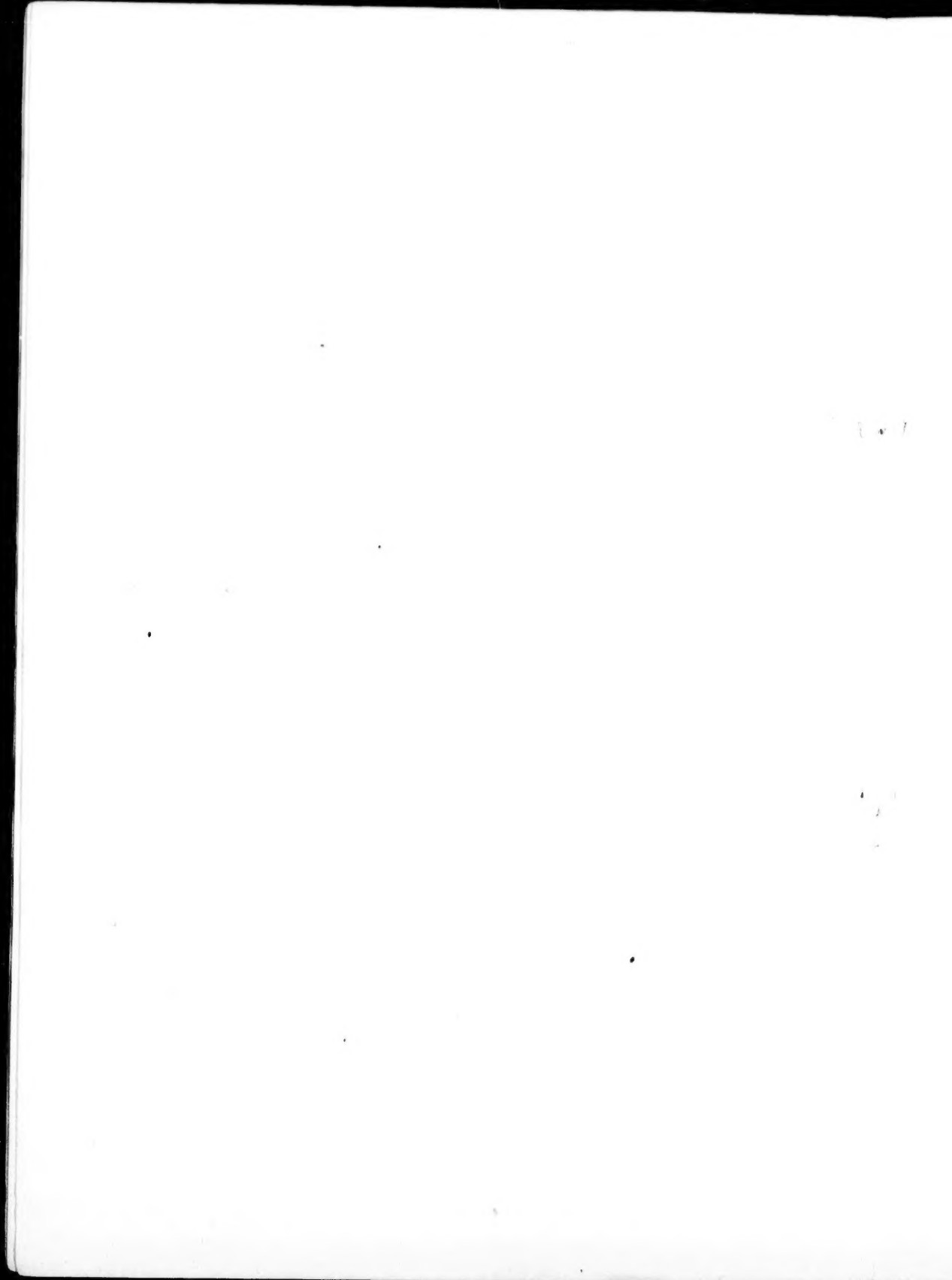
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He was drawing pictures for them as well as telling stories—of the three students entering the room in which the landlady's daughter lay dead—of Barbarossa in his cave—of the child who used to look up at Heine as he passed her in the street, awe-stricken by his pale and strange face—of the last of the band of companions who sat in the solitary room in which they had sat, and drank to their memory—of the King of Thule, and the deserter of Strasburg and a thousand others.

"But is there any of them—is there anything in the world—more pitiable than that pilgrimage to Kevlaar?" he said. "You know it of course. No? Oh, you must, surely. Don't you remember the mother who stood by her sick son, and asked him whether he would not rise to see the great procession go by the window; and he tells her that he cannot, he is so ill: his heart is breaking for thinking of his Gretchen? You know the story, Sheila. The mother begs him to rise and come with her, and they will join the band of pilgrims going to Kevlaar, to be healed there of their wounds by the Mother of God. Then you find them at Kevlaar, and all the maimed and the lame people have come to the shrine; and whichever limb is diseased, they make a waxen image of that and lay it on the altar, and then they are healed. Well, the mother of this poor lad takes wax and forms a heart out of it, and says to her son, 'Take that to the Mother of God, and she will heal your pain.' Sighing, he takes the wax heart in his hand, and sighing, he goes to the shrine; and there, with tears running down his face, he says: 'O, beautiful Queen of Heaven, I am come to tell you my grief. I lived with my mother in Cologne: near us lived Gretchen, who is dead now. Blessed Mary I bring you this wax heart: heal the wound in my heart.' And then—and then——"

"Well, the last scene you know, is a small chamber, and the mother and her sick son are asleep. The Blessed Mary glides into the chamber and bends over the son, and puts her hand lightly on his heart. Then she disappears. The unhappy mother has seen all this in a dream, and now she awakes, for the dogs are barking loudly. The mother goes over to the bed of her son, and he is dead, and the morning light touches his pale face.—BLACK:
A Princess of Thule.



THE
PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother stands by the window—
In bed the sick son lay—
Wilt thou not, Wilhelm, rise and see
The Pilgrims on their way?

I am so sick, dear Mother,
I care for nothing more :
I think of the dead pale Gretchen,
And all my heart is sore.

Nay, Child, we will to Kevlaar
With book and garland go :
And the Mother of God shall heal thy heart
Of all its bitter woe.

The banners flutter, and ever
The hymn of glory flows—
From proud Cologne upon the Rhine
The long procession goes.

The mother follows slowly,
She leads her boy along—
'O Mary, ever praised be thou!'
So flows the ceaseless song.

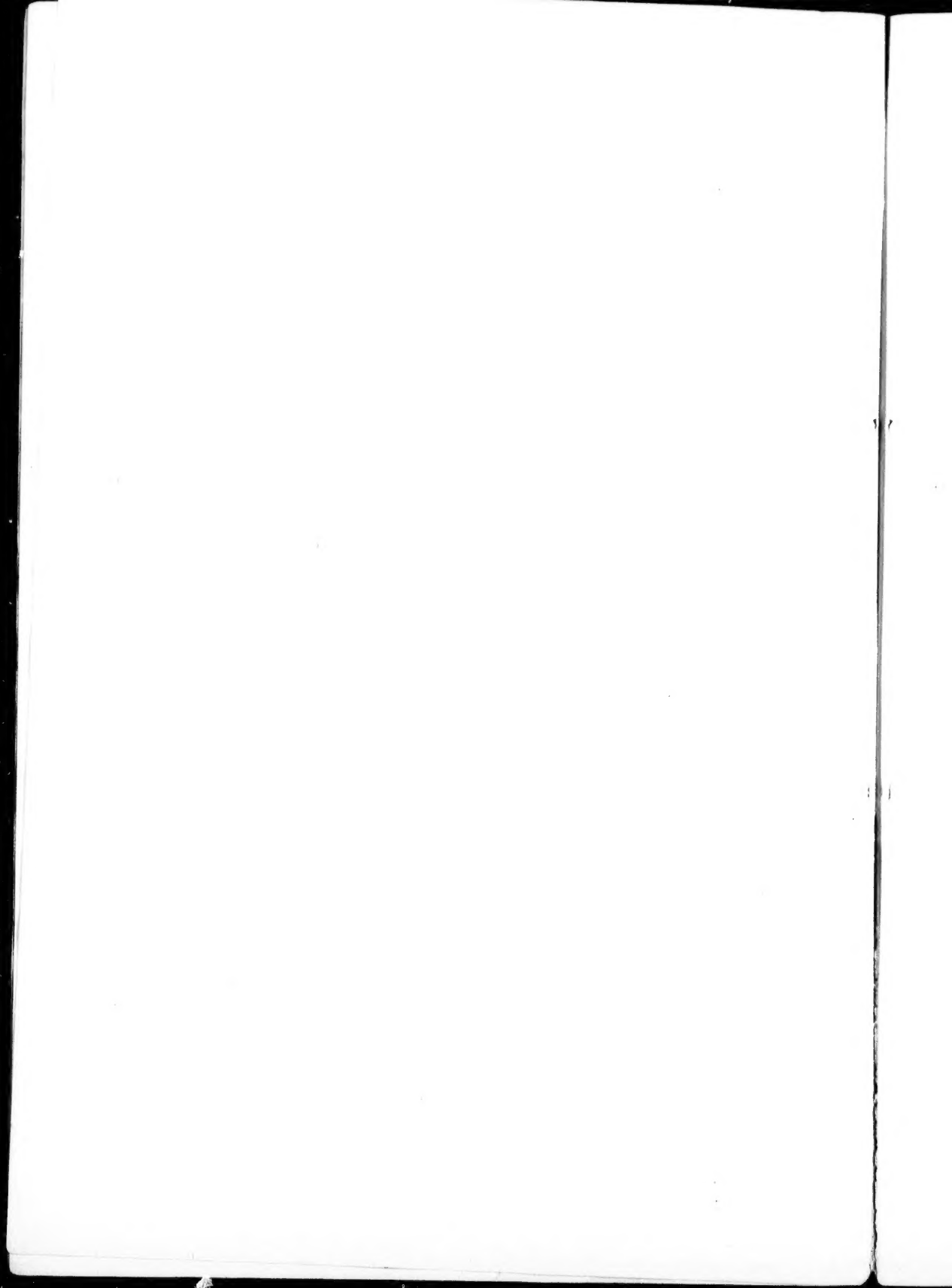
II.

The Mother of God in Kevlaar
To-day is robed and crown'd:
Much work, Good Lord, hath she to do,
The sick so press around.

And each an offering bringeth
At Mary's shrine to lay:
Many wax-hands and many feet
Are offer'd there to-day.

And who a wax hand bringeth,
His hand is heal'd anon:
And who a waxen foot shall bring,
His weary halt is gone.

A wax heart forms the mother,
With many a tearful vow—
Take this to the Holy Mother of God,
And she will heal thee now.



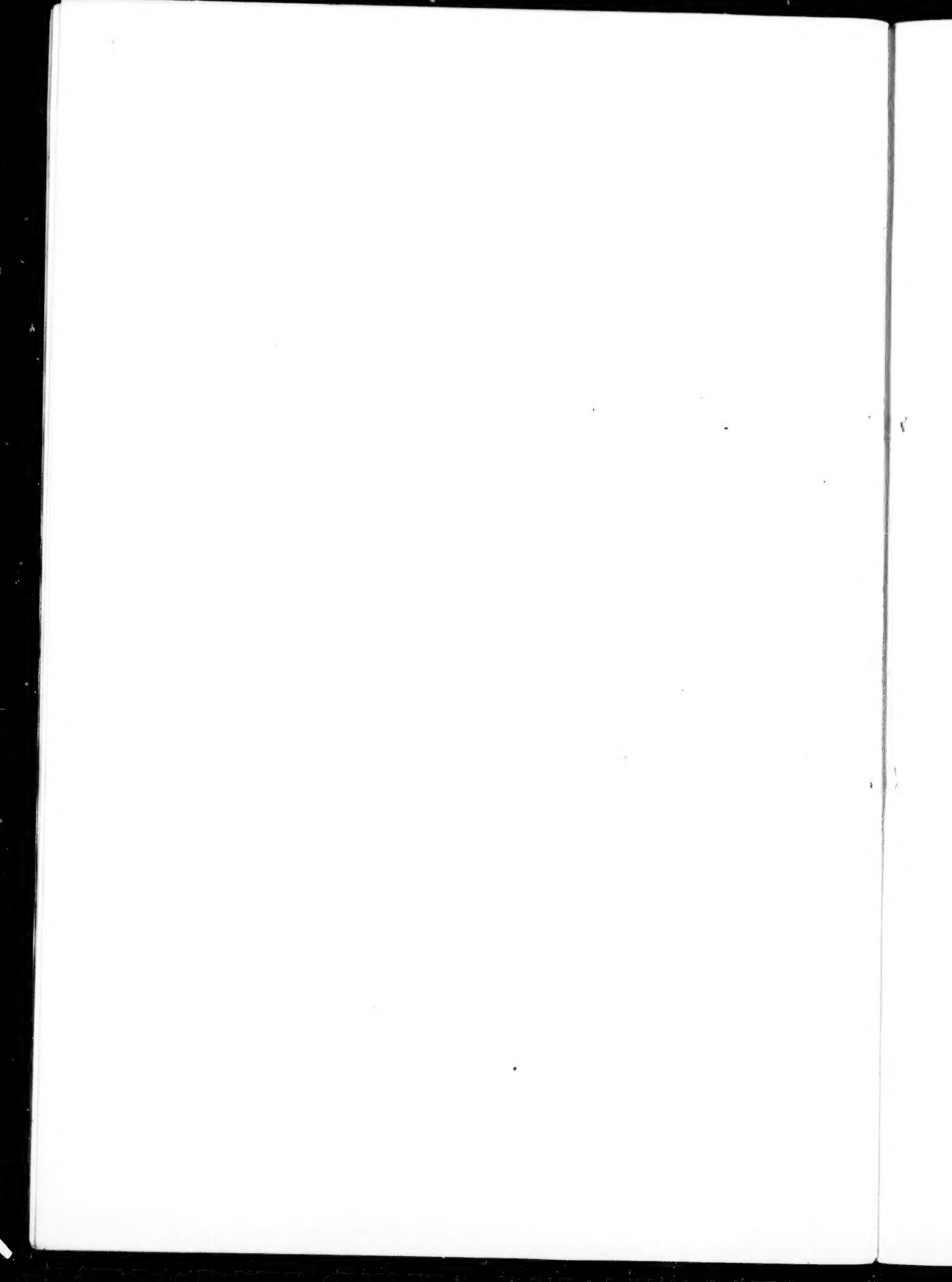
The son took the wax heart sadly—
Went sad to the Holy Maid—
The tears, he could not keep them back,
As, bending low, he said :

Thou ever-blessed Mary !
Thou Virgin free from stain !
O Queen of Heaven, hear my prayer,
My heart is sick with pain.

I live with the dear kind mother
In that Rhine city old,
Cologne, that hath its hundred spires
And chapels rich with gold.

And close to us, lived Gretchen:
But now she comes no more—
Take thou this heart, and heal the wound
That maketh mine so sore.

O heal my sick heart, Mary !
O help and heal me now ;
And early and late will I pray, and sing
'O Mary, praised be thou' !



III.

The sick son and the mother
They slept in their little room :
The Mother of God came softly there,
In silence through the gloom.

Over the boy she bent her—
A light around her shone—
She laid her hand on his heart, and smiled—
And like a dream was gone.

In her dreams the mother saw her
So lightly come and go :
Then suddenly woke and look'd around—
The dogs moan'd loud, below.

There lay her Wilhelm calmly—
She call'd—but he was dead :
Over his wasted cheek there fell
A ray of the morning red.

She stood with trembling hands—
She felt, she knew not how—
But softly in her heart she said
'O Mary, praised be thou' !

E. J. C., TORONTO, August 25, 1877.